

107

At the Park, Orange, June 15.

Dear Wife:

1874

I wrote to you on Saturday at the office of the Christian Union, announcing the death of Mr. McKim at early dawn that morning. It was only ten hours before his departure that, for the first time, he took to his bed, calmly remarking to me, "I shall never rise from this bed again." He then briefly enumerated the symptoms which surely indicated his approaching dissolution; but that came sooner than any of us expected. I was not called to witness the final scene, but Mrs. McKim, Lucy, Wendell, and Charles stood by his bed-side; happily to see no paroxysm, for life went out as gently as a zephyr stirs, and without consciousness. While there is deep sorrow felt for his loss, the family cannot be otherwise than comforted by ~~the~~ his deliverance from all mortal pangs. It is precisely when nothing can be done to succor or save that death becomes an angel of mercy.

Saturday, after writing my letter to you, I called at the office of The Nation, announced the sad tidings, and had a brief interview with Mr. Godkin. Then, accompanied by my friend Johnson, I went up (on an errand for Wendell) to Rockwood's photographic establishment on Broadway, where I saw some of the very finest specimens of photography, and was most cordially greeted by Mr. R. He at once proposed to take my "counterfeit presentment," and made several impressions of it, one intended for a large size. What his success was I do not know, but he will send either proofs or the printed cards to my address at Roxbury; and if they should be received before my return, Fanny will oblige me by sending him a letter of acknowledgments.

From his studio I proceeded to that of Page, who, you will recollect, painted me for Frank & Shaw many years ago, which portrait George Thompson had so long in his keeping in London, and which the Shaws intend to bequeath to some public institution.

I found Page at his easel, painting the portrait of a gentleman from a photograph. He was quite delighted to see me, and for more than an hour we held an animated conversation. His wife (a singularly bright-minded woman, and very fluent of speech) and two young daughters were with him, just finishing a lunch. It was a most pleasant interview. Then I hastened down to Hoboken ferry, crossed the North River, and took the cars for Orange, Wendell meeting me at the depot. A niece of Mrs. McKim, from Pennsylvania, — a very comely girl of twenty, — preceded me, and will remain awhile with the family.

Yesterday afternoon, (Sunday,) Lucy Mott surprised and gratified us by ^{her} dear presence. Having got word of the event on Saturday by the telegraph, she immediately left home, and came all alone to Orange, arriving at George Lord's at 9 o'clock that

evening, and seemingly none the worse bodily for the hurried journey. She seemed deeply affected by the bereavement, as Mr. McKim was among her most cherished friends.

The funeral services to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon will mainly devolve upon me, unless Dr. Furness should arrive from Philadelphia. No doubt Lucretia will have a tender and an affectionate tribute to bestow.

I find that I can leave Orange on Wednesday morning, in season to take the morning boat in the city for Albany. Apprise Frank of this fact by riding over to Riverside after you get this, and tell him I shall expect to join him Wednesday evening at the Delevan House.

All send loving regards with mine.

Your own W. L. G.